

THE WORLD.

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"WORLD" GROWTH

DURING "ONE TERM!"

Number of "WORLDS" Printed During the Week Ending September 27, 1884 (Last Presidential Campaign):

711,200.

NUMBER OF "WORLDS" PRINTED DURING THE WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 27, 1888:

1,937,370.

DEARER BREAD.

The advance of one cent a loaf in the price of bread means the difference between plenty and scarcity in many poor families.

A small baker explains the situation by saying: "We belong to the flour dealers in the morning, we belong to them in the evening, and when we die I guess they will own us."

Yes, and the flour dealers belong to the wheat speculators. The devil has a mortgage on these gamblers, but the trouble is he is too slow in foreclosing it.

Bread is dearer because flour is dearer. And flour is dearer, not because wheat is scarce—the shortage would not create any such advance—but because the speculators have run up the price of grain by controlling the visible supply against their adversaries.

Gambling in grain futures ought to be forbidden, under penitentiary penalties.

A CHANCE AT HOME.

The stabbing to death of a man at 9 o'clock in the evening, on one of the best lighted and most crowded streets of this city, will give our detective force something to do at home without bothering itself at present about the Whitechapel murders in London.

The victim, it appears, was addicted to gambling, and the circumstances of his assassination would seem to indicate revenge for money losses as the cause of his taking-off. It ought to be possible to learn where and with whom Flaccio had been playing his last games.

Yet this murder in sudden heat, regardless of time or place, is the sort that is often done by men of his race through jealousy. May not the old question fit: "Who is she?"

DONNYBROOK HARMONY.

The EVENING WORLD's grapevine telephone connections, illustrated and reported on the first page to-day, show the true inwardness of the Majority's complications.

Confusion was confounded is no name for the situation.

It is the "union" of the Kilkenny cat—the "harmony" of Donnybrook Fair.

MAT QUAY smiles, but no pleasant irradiation proceeds from the other headquarters—nor from Washington.

Is it a plot or merely obstinacy?

THE WORKINGMAN'S SHARE.

A great many workmen are protectionists, and, politics aside, are interested in the question whether they are getting the benefits which the tariff ostensibly gives them.

Judge THURMAN, in his letter of acceptance, asks if it is not undeniable "that the duties proposed by the Mills bill far exceed the difference between American and European wages?"

The total average percentage of labor cost in the manufactured articles in this country is about 21 per cent. As the present average duty is 47 per cent, it appears that the manufacturers pocket 26 per cent. of "protection" ostensibly maintained for the benefit of labor.

It thus appears that either wages in the protected industries are too low or the tariff is too high. Certain it is that labor is not getting its share.

MAYOR ROCHE, of Chicago, put his fist down hard and compelled a settlement of the street car strike. The men get 6 per cent advance in wages, the working time is cut down to ten and twelve hours and all the old men are to be reinstated. Fancy our Mayor doing a thing like that, with his ideas of the sacred rights of corporate property and the danger of "secret cabals" of workmen.

The League Penman has been duly presented and was accompanied by a handsome benefit and joyous popular demonstration. Now for the World's Championship. And perhaps Mayor Hewitt won't deny that banner a brief flutter from the barren City Hall flagstaff.

The best news of the morning: "Congress may adjourn this week."

Gov. DAVID B. HILL is all right. Nothing is the matter with him.

OUR AUTOGRAPH COLLECTION.

John Hancock

Jersey City Chatterings.

Henry M. Bangs is shooting in the Adirondacks.

Bob Schultz has taken to horseback exercise and eats his meals from the mantle.

Jack Dupree, of Seventh street, says he will sail until the ice stops his sport.

Dan Webb, of Taylor's hotel, has returned from an extended tour of the South.

Ex-Coroner Johnny Hughes is wearing a beard, the first he has endured in a lifetime.

John T. M. Kaylar, of the Board of Finance office, is spending his vacation at Hackettstown.

Will Sperry, of Banker Zabinski's office, has been spending a week among the fish at Barnegat.

Robert Carey, better known as Bob, is captain of a local ball team, and is authority on matters baseball.

Commodore Reynolds spends his leisure minutes at the club-house of the Jersey City Yacht Club at Communipaw avenue.

WORLDINGS.

Mrs. Crane Washington, a colored woman living near Charleston, S. C., has given birth to five children during the past year. Last January she became the mother of triplets, and a few days ago of twins.

George Bancroft, the historian, is now eighty-eight years of age, but is hale and hearty, with the life and good spirits of a boy. His hair and beard are white as snow, but his eyes are clear and his wit keen.

A clergyman recently returned from a vacation spent in the North of Scotland says the nights are short there; that there is hardly two hours of darkness. At Inverness he was able to read at 11 o'clock at night without the aid of artificial light.

Ground was broken for a new railroad at Nicholasville, Ky., a few days ago, and the first wheelbarrow was wheeled away by Miss Maggie Chennault, a pretty young lady of fifteen. She also made a bright little speech of congratulation on the undertaking.

The native Hawaiians are said to be disappearing very rapidly, and it will not be long before the race is extinct. Their language is still quite generally spoken, but as English is the language of the court the native dialect is bound to fall into desecration.

THAT CRUEL SPECULATION.

A Plait from a Poor Widow Who is One Among a Hundred.

As you seek to ever be the medium of all classes to seek sympathy and advice, will you come to the rescue of the poor and friendless now, and answer the anxious question, How are the poor to get bread? I am a widow, with six small children, one an infant eight months old. My sole income does not amount to over \$5 per week. Out of this must come car fares every day. In God's name how are we to exist with the price of bread rising? Can you not do something to help the poor during the cruel winter and merciless speculation in bread? I speak the appeal of hundreds of poor women and helpless little children.

Oct. 12.

Protectionists May Ask Questions.

The Single-Tax Cleveland Campaign Committee, of Brooklyn, which has over one thousand names on its master-roll, has projected a great Cleveland and Thurman demonstration to be held in the big Clermont Avenue rink on Tuesday, Oct. 22. Henry C. Pratt is to preside, and the chief speeches will be made by Henry George, Thomas G. Sheehan and Louis F. Post. A novel feature of the meeting will be that a part of the evening will be spent for protectionists who desire to ask questions.

Troops Ordered Out Against Strikers.

Kansas City, Mo., Oct. 15.—A telegram received here yesterday from Gov. McPherson ordering the Third Regiment, M. N. G., to proceed to Beaver, Mo., where the striking miners who killed Millionaire Wardwell a day or so ago have become troublesome. Col. Moore is not in the city but the members of the regiment (which is the only one in the State) are at the Armory to-night waiting the return of their commander from St. Joseph.

The Nebraska Club Fair.

The fair and garden concert of the Schorner Club, of Morrisville, will open this evening at One Hundred and Sixty-third street and Third avenue and continue through the week. Special attractions of all sorts have been arranged for and the fair will undoubtedly be most pleasantly successful.

A Crusher.

[From Judge.]



Ambitious Young Musician (frustrated)—I had the most and inspirations of the old masters in me when I completed this great work.

Professor (sarcastically)—So you had Mr. Kribber. Your "composition" contains a little of Mozart, Beethoven, Haydn, Handel, Bach, and a score of other famous composers. By the way, what part of it is yours?

Gleaned from Hotel Registers.

Sol Rider, of Baltimore; J. W. Allison, of Washington; and A. B. Robbins, of Boston, are at the Albemarle.

E. Mayo, of Vermont; Capt. W. D. Casey, U. S. A.; Eugene A. G. Rogers, U. S. N., and L. W. H. of Santa Cruz, are at the Grand Hotel.

James Morgan, of Boston; G. F. Southard, of Buffalo; G. H. Wheeler, of Washington, and W. T. Calhoun, of Chicago, are at the St. James.

At the Glenside House are C. H. Russell, of Kansas City; M. C. Howe, of Cleveland; and H. C. Russell, of Cleveland, and Richard Healey, of Worcester.

Among the Surrogate House guests are: M. M. Colby, of Saratoga; F. C. Fawcett, of Louisville; A. L. Loomis, of Allegheny; and R. H. Odell, of Richmond, Ind.

Registered at the Brunswick are: H. M. Martin, of Boston; S. E. Everett, of Cleveland; L. Lawrence D. Wither, of Pittsburgh; W. C. Wymann, of Chicago, and D. M. Cummings, of Chicago.

At the Fifth Avenue are: E. H. Sampson, of Boston; H. White, of Cleveland; D. F. W. of Ontario; N. Y. T. S. Burman, of New Orleans; and J. F. Marcy, of Delaware.

The Hotel Barclay, number among its guests: E. H. Fitch, of Utica; J. H. Poppe, of Buffalo; E. A. Barrow, of Rochester; N. C. Green, of Chicago; and J. C. Roberts, of Cleveland.

Among the guests at the Hoffman House are Dr. J. C. Maguire, of Washington; C. A. Ellis, of Boston; M. Koch, of Cleveland; J. G. Whitney, of San Francisco; and W. H. Crain, of Washington.

Present at the Astor House are W. H. Holmes, of Philadelphia; Willard Merrill, of Milwaukee; E. C. Bolton, of Cleveland; J. H. Poppe, of Buffalo; J. H. Macdonald, of Richmond; W. Reynolds, of Peoria, and J. H. Clark, of Boston.

"AS OTHERS SEEK US."

OUR BIRTHDAY NUMBER OBSERVED THROUGH OUR CONTEMPORARIES' EYES.

Plenty of Compliment for This Journalistic Youngster—Superlatives the Order of the Press in Referring to the Birthday Issue—We May Not Deserve All These Eulogiums, but We'll Try Mightily Hard to Justify Them in the Future.

"Exceedingly 'Oh, My.'"
[From the Washington Critic.]
The New York EVENING WORLD celebrated its first annual birthday yesterday by an eight page edition and other features. The E. W. isn't very big, but it is exceedingly "Oh, my." May it live long and prosper.

"A Page of Modest References."
[From the Buffalo Courier.]
The New York EVENING WORLD has just celebrated the completion of a year's existence by printing a page of modest references to itself.

Has Achieved Wonderful Success.
[From the Columbia (N. Y.) Press.]
The New York EVENING WORLD has just reached its first birthday anniversary. Like its big brother, the Morning World, it has already achieved wonderful success.

That Interesting Discussion.
[From the President (N. Y.) Democrat.]
The New York EVENING WORLD is discussing the question, "Is Marriage a Failure?" and is publishing voluminous correspondence on the subject. Our verdict is yes; with the usual exceptions.

A Voice from Baltimore.
[From the Baltimore American.]
The New York EVENING WORLD yesterday celebrated its first anniversary by issuing a double sheet, giving an interesting account of its record of one year.

Deserved Success.
[From the New London Day.]
The New York EVENING WORLD is a year old. It celebrated its birthday by printing a double number and giving its readers a feast of good things. This EVENING WORLD deserves the success it has attained. It is an excellent newspaper.

A Very Active Yearling.
[From the Evening Journal.]
The New York EVENING WORLD celebrated its first birthday Wednesday. For a yearling it is surprisingly active, and in the matter of news and enterprise leaves its more aged contemporaries far in the shade.

Full of Startling Ideas.
[From the Birmingham Republic.]
The New York EVENING WORLD celebrated the first anniversary of its birth by issuing a number containing many special features. It is an exceedingly lively youngling, like its big father full of novel and startling ideas.

"The Best Penny Newspaper."
[From the President (N. Y.) Democrat.]
The evening edition of the New York World was one year old Wednesday. It is new, spicy and bright and altogether the best penny newspaper in the world.

"Aged Contemporaries in the Shade."
[From the Corona (N. Y.) Sun.]
The New York EVENING WORLD celebrated its first birthday Wednesday. For a yearling it is surprisingly active and in the matter of news and enterprise leaves its more aged contemporaries far in the shade.

We Have the Cat.
[From the Macdon (Ga.) Telegraph.]
The EVENING WORLD has been voted a cat offered at the Anti-Poverty Fair as a prize for the most popular paper in New York. Editor Dana's cat joined the Republicans long ago, and the want of a reliable Democratic cat has been severely felt in New York.

A Great Newspaper Team.
[From the Philadelphia Bulletin.]
The EVENING WORLD is the proud possessor of a cat, awarded to it for its being the most popular newspaper published in New York. A cat sent to some publication offices would be very suggestive, but the WORLD is not constructed that way. With Bill Nye and a cat in the same office the other occupants could manage to pull through another snow blockade without much trouble.

Is Attracted Attention.
[From the Cincinnati Enquirer.]
A cable dispatch to the New York EVENING WORLD says that the police are working on the case of the recent Whitechapel murders. By the theory that the recent Whitechapel murders are the result of a case in real life of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Stevenson's story. It is said that detectives are watching, in connection with this theory, a prosperous resident in Grosvenor square who moves in the best society. It has been discovered that he leads a double life, and has been tracked on stealthy excursions to Whitechapel.

A Little Newspaper's Achievements.
On Wednesday last THE EVENING WORLD celebrated its birthday by the publication of a handsomely illustrated eight-page paper. The career of this one-year-old child of the morning edition was told in detail. Journalistic talent and enterprise are vividly reflected in the work which THE EVENING WORLD has accomplished for the benefit of the public. The agitation which resulted in the passage of the Free Lecture bill and the engagement of a physician to attend to the wants of sick infants in the crowded tenement districts are two things alone which place every workingman under an obligation to this meteor of the evening press. The news features of THE EVENING WORLD have placed it in the front rank, from a professional standpoint, of the story of its already long career. It is constantly increasing its circulation is best told by the spectacle of solid columns of advertisements from the largest, shrewdest and most prominent business houses in town. The property of THE EVENING WORLD, in short, is natural. It is a flower of journalism which has bloomed in the sunshine of public opinion, nourished by the best interests of the poor and oppressed. As Gov. David B. Hill so aptly remarks: "THE EVENING WORLD succeeds because it deserves success."

Ten Thousand Chinamen Drowned.
SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 15.—China mail just received in this city per steamer City of Peking, from Hong Kong and Yokohama, says a disastrous flood has occurred near Fung-Shan-Helen, in the vicinity of Peking, on the night of the 10th inst. A few days ago a gale in a gulf had his nose and his tail upturned. Then a hard rain fell and the water rose so high that the top of the flood was visible. The water was so high that the top of the flood was visible. The water was so high that the top of the flood was visible.

Could Take Off His Skull Like a Cap.
[RECEIVED TO THE WORLD.]
ALBANY, Ga., Oct. 15.—Bill Lewis, the colored bill-poster, fell into the fire and was burned to death yesterday while on an epileptic fit. A few years ago while in a fit he had his nose and his tail upturned. Then a hard rain fell and the water rose so high that the top of the flood was visible. The water was so high that the top of the flood was visible.

Oliverway Jargon.
[From the Courier.]
Legends say the Hiawatha, when he lost his Minnehaha, joined the tribe of Ojibwas. For a mark.

And made love to Minnehawa.
Daughter of the Chief Ojibwas.
On the shores of Lake Pokeposke.
In the dark.

But the maiden met a trader.
Who proceeded to persuade her.
Of his love until he made her
Eyes fall.

Then a dumpy little squatter.
Flung the trader in the water.
And the Indian warrior got her
After all.

All uncleanliness and wickedness in children relieved by
MORRIS'S TREATISE ON CHILDREN. 25 cents.

A REMARKABLE DIAMOND CASE.

Property Clerk Harriot Made the Custodian of \$14,000 Worth of Jewels.

Property Clerk Harriot has been made the custodian of diamonds, watches and other jewelry to the value of \$14,000, much against his inclination.

Several weeks ago J. P. Miller, a clerk with sporting proclivities, employed by Stern & Stern, jewelers, at 13 Maiden lane, was discovered to be a fugitive and swindler. From time to time during many months Miller had removed unset and set diamonds and other jewelry from the firm's safes, and the four Simpsons, well-known Bowery pawnbrokers, accepted them as collaterals for money loans.

When these shady transactions had reached the sum of \$14,000 Miller suddenly disappeared, and turned up in Canada. His regard for his late employers induced him to return the pawn-tickets, and Stern & Stern became anxious to recover their property. On general principles the law provides that an owner can claim and recover any of his property that has been stolen, wherever it may be found, the victim pawnbroker, however innocent he may be, taking no title to the plunder of a thief.

Stern & Stern went before Justice Patterson and asked for an order on the pawnbrokers to turn the property over, but were confronted with the claim that inasmuch as Miller had not been indicted or arrested, a Police Court Justice held no jurisdiction over the property. A warrant was sworn out against Miller at once, and Justice Patterson ordered the four Simpsons to turn the property over to Property Clerk Harriot, and the law was made to hold it for two years, when, if there was no arrest or conviction of Miller, the valuable stuff must be returned to the pawnbrokers.

Mr. Harriot was unable to discover any law that robbed a rightful owner of his property stolen by a trusted employee, because he was in Canada and could not be extradited, and made him responsible for the safe custody of the diamonds, and the feeling was so accepted them. The matter was referred to Dept. Murray and Chief Clerk Kipp, and they decided that Mr. Harriot must accept all property that came into the hands of the police.

The property stolen and valued at \$14,000 by Stern & Stern received advances of \$3,380 from the four Simpsons.

Stern & Stern endeavor to recover their property by replevin, and obtain a judicial decision in this remarkable case.

THE WHITECHAPEL MYSTERY.

More Theories Advanced by Interested "Evening World" Readers.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
I have thought a great deal about the Whitechapel mystery, and I believe the guilty person is a man, the kind of man we call a "crank," craving notoriety at any cost, like Charles Guiteau, for instance. No doubt he reads the newspapers every day, and great pleasure, and would gladly give himself up for the sake of the sensation it would make if he were not afraid of being hung. I feel sure Creole is wrong in thinking it a negro. Some of the negroes here are very brutal, but they are not brave, and one of them would lack the courage to commit such a series of crimes in a place like London and away from the safety of his native swamps and canebrakes.

E. A. S.

Watch the Man Least Suspected.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
The Whitechapel murders are evidently the work of a man who has been injured in one way or another by the fair sex. Driven to despair, he has made up his mind to get square with the sex that has caused him his trouble. The result is the Whitechapel murders. The murders are committed in the dark of night, while in familiar company with the woman whom he has intended for his victim; because, this is the opportunity for him to get his revenge, and at the same time prevent her from making an outcry. Then as soon as he got her silenced he carries her to the spot where she is found, and there he takes the time to tell the story of his butchery. He must be a man well acquainted with Whitechapel and its characters, and who goes around among the police with an innocent face, and who is there for the look of the man whom you least suspect.

CHAS. KRISTENSON,
Oct. 12. 20 South street, New York City.

Is It a Policeman?

To the Editor of The Evening World:
After having read the several opinions in your paper about the Whitechapel murders, I dare to say that a policeman is the murderer better than any other man. I can add that if those murders had been committed here the police would have found the murderer out long ago.

A. W. KELLER.

The Woman Theory.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Why may it not be a woman, disguised as a wanton, living in her haunts and going about with them? How easy to accomplish what she has long dreamed of, and how the police are all the time hunting for a man?

J. W. M.

HE SAYS NEW YORK IS ALL RIGHT.

Ex-Chairman Barnum on the Situation—California for Cleveland.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]
WASHINGTON, Oct. 15.—EX-CHAIRMAN of the Democratic National Committee Wm. H. Barnum is at the Arlington. Among those who called on him yesterday were, Internal Revenue Commissioner Miller, First Assistant Secretary Moore, of the Internal Revenue Commission; David C. Bailey, of the Mercantile Marine Division; Major Geo. Ames and Congressman "Tim" Campbell. Mr. Barnum talks in the most confident tone of the political situation in all of the so-called doubtful States. He does not think the local fight in New York City will jeopardize the result in the State at large, but points to the necessity for hard work on the part of the National Committee to keep the Empire State in line.

On the one hand, the National Committee, San Francisco politician who feels assured that Cleveland and Thurman will carry California. He is in the confidence of the Democratic majority of 8,000, which will make the State Democratic by nearly 8,000. The local election is a foregone conclusion, and the local election is a foregone conclusion. Administration are fully recognized. Cleveland has not only shown the fact that he sympathizes with us, but he has done everything in his power to relieve us.

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All uncleanliness and wickedness in children relieved by
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HIS WIFE'S BODY EN ROUTE.

R. S. REAVES CARRIES IT ROUND THE COUNTRY ON A STRANGE ERRAND.

He Wedded Kittle Wallace Sixteen Months Ago, but Doesn't Know Her Folk—She Died Suddenly in Missouri, and the Corpse Is En Route to Find the Brooklyn or Connecticut Relatives.

INFORMATION WANTED of the relatives or friends of Miss Kittle Wallace, supposed to have died in Missouri, and whose body is now en route to Brooklyn or Connecticut.

Mr. Reaves, the advertiser, was found at the Astor House this morning. He is a medium-sized man, of rather spare build, with gray eyes, Auburn hair and sandy mustache. He arrived from Phelps City, Mo., yesterday afternoon. He told the following story:

"The body is that of my wife. We were married in the West about two months ago, and as I was at a loss to know whether her friends knew of it, I advertised under her maiden name. She died suddenly last Tuesday morning, and to give her relatives a last chance to see her I had the body brought on to New York. Her father, stepmother and little sister Esie live somewhere in Connecticut, but in what part I do not know. The grandfather whom I mention in the express business in Brooklyn, but his name is not in the directory."

"I never dreamed that she would die and so neglected to get her people's addresses. She often spoke of her parents, and occasionally she received letters from them, but the letters must have been destroyed, as I can't find them."

"I have a letter here from a friend of hers in Peekskill. It was written on March 12, 1884. Katie was then in Haverstraw." Here Mr. Reaves handed the letter to the reporter.

The writer tells of learning to skate, and she intimates that her first attempt on the ice was not as complete a success as it might have been.

She says Johnny Lynch says she was the worst skater in skating he ever had. She also writes that a Maudie Higgins will call before she leaves Haverstraw, and that her letter to Lizzie Tansy was still unanswered.

She closes by saying that "Nellie Maguire sends love, so do I," and signs herself by her maiden name, Kittle Wallace.

The dead woman had a friend named Palmer Schroeder, or Schroder, who was a variety actress. They lived near each other and became firm friends.

About three years ago Miss Schroder was burned in some way and was taken to Bellevue Hospital. Miss Wallace accompanied her to the hospital, and while there they became acquainted with Joe Fogarty, the keeper of the Morgue. Miss Wallace or Mrs. Reaves wrote to Fogarty last summer to ascertain information of another friend, and Fogarty wrote her a letter, saying that he could learn nothing.

Fogarty promised the husband yesterday afternoon that he would do all he could to find out where the woman was, and that he would page-men in Jersey City have also promised to inquire for the grandfather, who lives in Brooklyn.

Miss Wallace was a blonde and about twenty-four years old when she died. Mr. Reaves will wait until to-morrow or next day, and then if he does not hear from any of her friends, he will have the body buried in one of the nearby cemeteries.

BANKER MORAN'S LOSS.

His Eldest Son Shot Down and Killed in a Texas Town.

Major Charles Moran, the banker of 68 William street, mourns the death of his eldest son, Charles Moran, Jr., who was shot dead at Waco, Tex., Saturday night by C. W. West.

Young Moran was in business here not long ago, but bought a farm at Waco and settled down there. According to a despatch received by the father, young West and his wife were dining when the former accused young Moran of insulting him, and drew the revolver from his abdomen with a Winchester rifle.

Mr. Moran is deeply affected by the news of the tragedy, and refuses to talk about his son's fate.

HE IS A VERY POOR PROPHET.

Mr. Manley Again Tries His Hand at Predicting Republican Victories.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]
ALBANY, Mo., Oct. 15.—While Mr. Blaine is journeying through the West Mr. Manley, his ever-ready oracle, is busy writing despatches telling Maine Republicans to be of good cheer, for Harrison is to be the next President. But nevertheless, Maine voters are not placing much reliance this year on the political forecasts sent out from the office of Joe Manley, supposedly with the cognizance of the "Plumed Knight" himself. The fact is that Mr. Manley proved himself such a poor hand as a political prophet in 1884 as to have lost the confidence of his own party, and the despatches which now emanate from him tell of enormous Republican gains, and of the Republican victory which he says is a foregone conclusion.